rilegious," the Governor General remarked sadly. "But how can we prosecute a newspaper for a *faithful* reproduction of the Archbishop's sermon delivered publicly in the cathedral?"

The Archbishop, however, found support among the gendarmes, and the Irkutsk court ordered an investigation. Our responsible publisher was charged with contempt of the Holy Church and inciting disrespect of the Archbishop. But the witnesses confirmed that our report was exact in every detail, including my imitation of church lingo. The defense contended that the Archbishop himself was guilty of contempt of the Church when he used it to spread the Bloody Slander. Finally the publisher was sentenced to three months of prison, but our lawyers appealed the sentence. The appeal was sustained by the high court, and the case went up to the Supreme Court (which was called Senate) in St. Petersburg. Meanwhile the trial of Beilis had ended in his acquittal—evidence that the Archbishop had borne false witness! The Supreme Court did not decide the case until 1915, when the publisher was found guilty of disseminating information that, though true, was damaging to the prestige of the Archbishop.

After this first successful issue of the *Siberian Word*, we went on, ready to see our paper suspended after each issue. We had a continuous flow of articles from outside, some of them really good, but public interest began to subside. The gendarmes were on their toes. They did not harass me personally, but in the fourth or fifth issue they discovered an article on a local affair that allegedly violated police regulations. Yielding to the pressure by the gendarmes, the Governor ordered suspension of the *Siberian Word*.

EXPLORING SIBERIA

Reading about the unexplored expanses of Siberia, I fell under the romantic spell of the wilderness, perhaps as a belated reaction to years of confinement. I had no experience in outdoor life and did not know whether I was physically fit for it, but I decided to explore the remote and little-known range of Dzhugzhur at the Sea of Okhotsk.

I chose this particular area by pure accident. In the regional museum I had seen a water color by an unknown artist—a quiet river with strange trees and shrubs along its shores. The river was wrapped in fog, but the rays of the rising sun flooded the treetops. The title read "A Summer Morning on the Maya." I liked the name of the river and looked it up on the map of Siberia: a long winding river that flows from the Dzhugzhur range at the Okhotsk Sea into the Aldan, one of the northern tributaries of the Lena. Little had been written on this area. The local museum had only a report of an expedition to the